CALDWELL, J. H.

E 687
.9
.C14

The National Grief; Its Cause And Its Lesson.

PHOTOFILE ENVELOPES
MADE FROM
PERMALIFE® PAPER
COPYRITE HOWARD PAPER MILLS INC.
MIN pH 7.5

E 687
.9
.C14
Copy 1

THE NATIONAL GRIEF;

ITS CAUSE AND ITS LESSON.

A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

BY

J. H. CALDWELL, D. D.

THE NATIONAL GRIEF;

ITS CAUSE AND ITS LESSON.

A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

PREACHED IN THE M. E. CHURCH, DOVER, DEL., SEPT. 25, 1881, BY THE PASTOR

J. H. CALDWELL, D. D.,

AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

I have read for the text on this mournful occasion the 35th Psalm, but will especially emphasize the 21st verse.

"Yea, they opened their mouth wide against me, and said, Aha, aha, our eye hath seen it."

Panegyrics are abundant just now. They sound out from platform and pulpit through the length and breadth of the land, and echo and re-echo across the continent and over the civilized world. Newspapers — throughout Christendom, draped in mourning,—are teeming with encomiums, the like of which were never before so pathetically and universally bestowed on mortal man. James A. Garfield might have had personal and political enemies in his life, he has none in his death. Those who were first and foremost in their endeavors to prevent his election to the highest seat of honor and trust in the republic, now, that he lies low in death, vie with his most ardent supporters in doing honor to his memory, in pronouncing encomiums of merit, in testifying to the blamelessness of his life, the spotlessness of his character and the nobleness of his nature. This is enough. No more need be said of a personal character. Let him be all in greatness of character, in splendor of intellect, in wealth of endowment, in goodness of heart that are claimed for him alike by friend and by foe. There are no diversities of sentiment concerning his worth. The Nation, regardless of political, religious, sectional, or personal distinctions, is one in its high estimate of the man, as it is one in its profound sense of the loss of the President.

My present purpose is not to deal with the personal aspects of the case, but with the event itself and the lesson which may be drawn from it by the Nation at large, and by the people of God. For this purpose I have selected as a mere index to my leading points a portion of Scripture which suggests the utmost extremes of thought in relation to God and his providence, and to mortal man and his destiny. This will appear if we but glance over the Psalm which contains the text. But before I ask you to consider a brief synopsis of this Psalm, let me remind you that it is one of several in which the inspired writer divides the human family into two great classes—the righteous and the wicked; and in which he exhibits them in contrast, standing, as it were, in an attitude of mutual hostility. The extremes of the two great parties are represented in this Psalm, and they consist, on the one hand, of those who are most pronounced in their religious character, the most conspicuous in their devotion to God; and, on the other hand, of those who are most bold and outspoken in their enmity to God, and in their hostile attitude toward his people. But extremes only represent

E 687
.9
.C14

themselves, or the strongest types of character; they do not represent the majority on either side, except in so far as they may be accepted and followed as leaders. The following in either direction may be with alacrity by some, but languidly by others, until the two parties gradually approach and are only separated by a faintly discernable line. Still there are only two great parties, the righteous and the wicked.

Now there are many occasions in human history and many events in which the two parties, with all their varying hues and all their shades of differences, are united in a common object, a common interest, a common struggle, a common sorrow. And so we find it now. The worst men in our nation, in common with the best, are struck dumb with horror at the appalling crime which robbed us of our late President, and are overwhelmed with the same grief, wearing the same tokens of sorrow, using the same epithets of regret or of indignation, expressing the same sympathy and condolence and moved by the same spontaneous impulses. What we find among ourselves, we see only with less intensity among all the civilized peoples of the globe. Notably so in Great Britain, but appreciably so in all other enlightened nations. How can we account for it? On this ground: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." In a word, the nations of mankind, despite race, language, institutions and religion, are one humanity, influenced by like motives, moved by like impulses, swayed by like hopes, fears and aspirations. This is an argument for the unity of the race that ought to sweep into oblivion all the speculations that have been arrayed against it.

Estimating the human inhabitants of the globe at a billion and a quarter, one twenty-fifth of the whole number reside within the limits and under the jurisdiction of the United State. The population is composed of various nationalities and races, is characterized by different religious ideas, some of which are irreconcilably hostile to each other, is taught in different schools of politics, and educated under systems widely differing from one another, so that it presents a heterogeneous aspect scarcely paralleled in any other part of the globe. Nevertheless, there is apparent, and in practical operation throughout all the States and Territories of this wonderful republic, a mighty principle of homeogeneity. What does it mean? It means just what we now realize more fully than ever before—that the nations of the earth, of whatever form of government, whether republic, limited monarchy, or absolute despotism, have been constrained to look upon ours with undisguised wonder and profound respect. A stricken President touches all the nations, and the tender chords of sympathy vibrate to the ends of the earth. An Orphean hand touches the harp-string, and the dirge is heard beyond the seas and across the continents, while the nations bow with uncovered heads as we consign the mortal dust of a great ruler to the silence of the shadowy tomb. It means more—for during the eighty days of languishing and wasting, of bitter pain and domestic anguish, of patient suffering and national solicitude, society lay as calm and quiet as an infant sleeping upon its mother's breast. There was no tumult, no insurrection, no boisterous rabble clamoring for redress of imaginary grievances, no disturbances but such as are common in the most tranquil times. The Ship of State rode gallantly on a peaceful sea; no war save the border Indian troubles; no delay in the transportation of mails; no friction in any of the Departments of Government; no closing of the courts or delay of justice through all the weary weeks of the Nation's one tender and pathetic concern. Even the voice of partisan strife was hushed, and men addicted to angry discussion of political problems, recalled to their better impulses, grew sedate and laid

aside their asperities in the face of the Nation's woe. Place hunters and political intriguers, abashed, and overwhelmed with confusion, slunk away to hide, as it were,in the dark dens and caves where they were wont to practice those abomniable arts by which they too often succeeded in advancing themselves to the exclusion of the meritorious. What does this strange and unwonted state of things in our national history unfold? Does it not bespeak a Supreme and Almighty Power that supervises the world. and guides the destiny of nations? Does it not convey to the mind of each citizen of the republic a conviction that there is a God? Does it not teach, in spite of that philosophy that tries to rid the world of His presence, that He does concern Himself with the affairs of mortals? Does it not convey silently to every heart the admonitory message, "Be still, and know that I am God?"

Thus we view the situation from a national standpoint; from that standpoint whence, without a discordant note, all the people, whether religious or not, may view it. A national grief, felt by a nation bereft of its chief; who, though the breath had but just left his body, when his successor occupied the vacant seat, is nevertheless mourned as ruler was never mourned before, with a lamentation that drapes our cities in the black shroud of woe; that caused tens of thousands to gaze upon the funeral cortege bare-headed and with emotions too big for utterance, attended only by sighs and tears; that brought students from the recital of their lessons to strew the path of deceased greatness with flowers; that brought all classes of citizens, official and private, to the Capitol where he had wielded the sceptre.

There is another, and, in my view, far more significant standpoint whence we should view this great event. It is the religious aspect of the case. This cannot be ignored by any nation, much less a Christian republic. Only a nation of atheists, or of scoffing libertines, like France in her Reign of Terror, when, as Carlyle represents her, she danced her wild waltz on the verge of perdition, would sneer at it. Even heathen Rome in the most degenerate age of her political history could not afford to treat the religious sentiments of the people—imbruted as they were—with disdain.

Look at dead Cæsar in the Forum, his dress unchanged, his gown, gashed with daggers, soaked in blood, still wrapped about his noble form. The conspirators, appalled at their own deed, dreading the consequences, abandoned their purpose of declaring him a tyrant and of casting his body into the Tiber, hastily framed a new plea; that was "that Cæsar's death should be regarded as a sacrifice, and expiatory offering for the sins of the nation." (Froude's Cæsar, p 110.)

Now look at dead Garfield in the American Rotunda. Another, better and nobler, if not greater, victim of assassination. There are no conspirtors there seeking to frame an excuse for the blackest and wickedest deed, save one, in our recorded annals. There never was any conspiracy in this atrocious deed, and nothing but the wildest imagination of partisan prejudice could ever conceive of there being any conspirators in the affair. Not only has it been disclaimed by the solitary actor in the tragedy, but were he now to declare otherwise, without the most indisputable confirmatory evidence, he would not be believed. No, the one solitary arch-criminal is the wretched Guiteau, be he demon or madman. There lies in state the dead ruler of 50,000,000 of freemen, wept by all, deplored by all, and greater than the Roman Cæsar; not, perhaps, greater in intellect, in genius and in power to mould and govern men, but still greater, because he was a Christian patriot and statesman who lived and still survives in the hearts of his countrymen. But,as Mark Antony said,"The services of Cæsar neither needed nor permitted the exaggeration of eloquence," so we say that the services of Garfield neither need nor permit it.

There he lies on this Sabbath day, removed from the Rotunda of the Capi-

tol to the forest city on the lake shore, in the State where he had been honored so often, where he had risen from poverty-stricken boyhood, struggling through the mazes and difficulties of life, to the very pinnacle of empire, clothed in the inaugural suit in which he kissed mother and wife as soon as he swore fealty to the Constitution of his country as Supreme Magistrate, the ghastly mortal wound hid from view and only the pale, emaciated features in sight, while the Nation, bathed in tears, laments his untimely death.

Is there to the inhabitants of a great Christian country, a people accustomed to think freely and independently on all subjects, a cultured people, disdaining all the restraints of power, despising all fulminations of priestly arrogance—I ask, is there no religious significance to such a people in such an event? I do not know what may be the religious sentiments of Dr. Bliss, the chief surgeon of the martyred President, but I ask all thoughtful men and women if there was no meaning in his gesture, when, turning his back to the dead Chief as soon as life was extinct, he pointed his finger in silence toward Heaven? Did it not point to the plane where every cultured heart throughout broad Christendom points —a life immortal beyond the grave? Was that gesture a mere ruse, like that of the Roman conspirators, to amuse and pacify imbruted ignorance, to stay the storm of popular vengeance? Was it a trick, an artifice, a mere stratagem to soothe and tranquilize the hearts that were ready to burst with grief? Was it a mere sentiment that might mean nothing more than an ephemeral balm to ease the present pain? Or was it the speechless expression of a lifelong conviction, a cherished hope that spans the gulf which separates time from eternity? In a word, is there a God? Is there a future life for mortal man? Is there hereafter an abode of peace to those who do their duty on earth? Is there a scene of sorrow and trouble awaiting the guilty beyond the grave? If not, what was the meaning of the gesture? But if there be a future life how will enemies meet in that other world? Can Garfield grasp the bloody hand of his slayer there? Only in one way—that red right hand must be washed and made white by the blood of a greater victim than that of him whose blood was shed at the depot in Washington. We concede the possibility of such a washing, for though human guilt be as scarlet, it can be made as white as snow; though it be red like crimson, it can be made as wool. But this can only be through the one only sacrifice for sin. In the assassin's case it is scarcely probable, however possible, that such a cleansing can take place, for want of a moral fitness to receive it. As yet there has not appeared the first indication of a moral preparation to receive absolution for his desperate crime. On the contrary, there appears nothing but a dogged persistence in self-justification, a gloating self-gratulation over the accomplishment of his dire purpose, without the affectation of remorse, and only the expression of regret that his act had occasioned protracted suffering to his victim. There is not as yet a vestige of true repentance, of genuine contrition, only of a cringing dread of popular vengeance, such as befits a dastardly assassin who, after inflicting a mortal wound, would sneak, if possible, into concealment, or secure safety by flight. So long as he cherishes the state of mind which now prevails over him, true repentance is morally out of the question; and the forgiveness of his guilt finds no place even in the compass of Divine mercy. What then? How can he appear hereafter among the stainless inhabitants of Heaven?

I am aware that I now raise the question that marks the dividing line between the good and the bad, which separates the righteous from the wicked, which brings them face to face in an open conflict in this Psalm.

Looking upon the unruffled surface of society—ruffled only by the common grief—we see no difference. But looking to the unseen region to which the surgeon's finger pointed in token that

the martyr's spirit had ascended thither, we see the difference which the Psalm describes in vivid colors.

I have read several excellent analyses of this Psalm. That of Dr. Clarke is too elaborate and minute in its details for my present purpose. That of Dr. Alexander is sufficiently comprehensive and more appropriate for this occasion. He says, "This Psalm may be divided into three parts, parallel to one another, in all of which the elements combined are complaint, prayer, and the promise of thanksgiving for anticipated deliverance. The first division is occupied with an invocation of divine judgments on God's enemies, ending with an expression of triumph in God's favor, vs. 1–9. The second contains a more particular description of these enemies as oppressors, false accusers, unthankful renderers of evil for good, and malignant scoffers, with a prayer for divine interposition, and a pledge of public thanksgiving, verses 10–18. The third reviews briefly the description of the enemies, but is chiefly filled with prayer to be delivered from them, and closes, like the others, with a promise of perpetual thanksgiving, vs. 19–28."

In this synopsis we see that the line of demarcation is clearly drawn, that the two great opposing parties are described with their distinctive characteristics. Only the extreme representatives of each side are drawn. The finer shades of difference, such as appear only to the eye of God and are defined in the nice discriminations of the Gospel, are not discernible.

On the one side we see prayer, devout trust and gratitude, or holy thanksgiving for benefits received or anticipated. These expressions denote the most striking phenomena of the religious life, and they have always been notably intensified among the purest devotees of religion. It is this class, more than any other, that becomes the target for the sharp weapons of ridicule, of satire, of invective and contempt, which the fiercer individuals of the other party love to use,—which the desperately wicked are wont to employ in their warfare upon the righteous. Then, on the side of the ungodly, the notable traits set forth in the Psalm are cruelty, oppression, false accusation, ingratitude and scoffing. Now then, here are the parties which stand in open conflict through all time, from the fall of Adam to the Judgment Day, all over this earth wherever the foot of man has trod. Out of the spirit and practice of the one party has sprung every evil that has afflicted the inhabitants of this planet; from the patient toil and holy influence exerted by the other, under the guidance and help of God, has come everything that has blessed the human race and lifted it higher and higher in the scale of moral purity and excellence.

Thus the righteous and the wicked confront each other everywhere, mix and mingle everywhere. Diverse in character, in habits, in motives of action and bound to different destinies. The wicked, in the majority everywhere, claim the pre-eminence, arrogate superiority, and in political affairs, as well as in commerce and all the secular activities of the world, exert the greater control, a control that does not work for righteousness, for a corrupt tree cannot yield good fruit. To which side ought we to belong? Which should we trust as most competent to guide us in matters pertaining to the soul? Grant that among the opponents of righteousness there may be genius, and learning, and rare accomplishments, and scientific acumen, and splendid abilities, is it safe to trust them in matters relating to the eternal destiny of the soul? When they discard the only chart that guides the traveller to the immortal shore, what do they know about the scenes beyond the grave? What can their science teach them concerning a hereafter? What does their philosophy know about God and eternal things? When they rob you of your Bible, they extinguish the only light that can illumine the grave and irradiate the eternal shore. When they rob you of your hope of heaven what do they give you in its stead? When they scoff at the finger

of science itself, pointing upward to heaven, what consolation do they give to the widow kneeling at the bedside of the illustrious dead, or that octogenarian mother wailing out her bitter complaint, "O why did they want to kill my boy!" Trust them not! Trust none who aid and abet them in their unholy war against God and His truth! Better trust the other side, who from the days of righteous Abel until now have fought on the side of truth, have suffered, have triumphed over the world, and died shouting victory to God and the Lamb! Yes, trust them, for even if their hope should prove fallacious it is better than the others can give, because it makes smooth the rugged paths of this world and robs death and the grave of all their terrors. A conclusion like this may not meet the demands of science falsely so called, but it meets the demands of the heart. A learned physician was once afflicted with a cancer on the face, and a person who had been healed by a cancer doctor urged him to seek a cure by the same remedy; but he declared his preference to die of the cancer rather than have it extracted by any but what he deemed a scientific method, and die he did. So there are persons who seem determined never to be saved unless they can be saved in a scientific way. All such are described by the Scripture formula—*Thou fool!* Trust them not, for their science—which they misinterpret as they misinterpret your Bible—teaches them to trample under foot the blood of the Son of God and count it an unholy thing.

Faith and true science are not enemies. They are only separated by folly. They are twin brothers when they are under government and proper guidance—when they submit to Him who is the Way and the Truth and the Life. Philosophy, under that guidance, is led into all truth; severed from its governor and guide it becomes a truant, a vagrant, and is sure to disgrace itself.

Turning from the general features of this psalm to the one verse which I wish especially to emphasize, we see the trait of wickedness which asserts itself more than any other in the present crisis, that is *scoffing*.

See how it is expressed in the 21st verse: "Yea, they opened their mouth wide against me, saying Aha, aha, our eye hath seen it." The word *aha* is one of open contempt and utter disdain; it is spoken with an air of triumph, and is often meant as an insult. It is frequently used in the Psalms and prophecies, and always as an expression of contempt. It was uttered with a harsh, protracted, gutteral sound, and evinced the bitter feeling of the scoffer, the very essence of egotism and intense self-assertion. Precisely in the same sense and in the same manner it is spoken even now, as when one, animated by the spirit and almost in the very words of the text, exclaims, "Aha! I told you so, I saw long ago just how it would be!" Thus the blatant objector to revealed religion, or the unsanctified formalist, or the speculative skeptic, when he sees a professor of religion step aside, or hears of the fall of a minister, or the failure of a Christian's faith in any matter of public concern, opens wide his mouth to mock, scoff and revile the Christian profession. "Aha! I told you so; I saw it!"

Nothing can please such people better than a bit of scandal. "Aha! I told you so; I saw it!" Now that all Christendom has prayed for the restoration of our beloved President, and death, notwithstanding their prayers, has done its cruel work, and the asassins stroke proved fatal, we find this spirit exhibiting itself with all the triumph of egotism, with all the air of atheistic confidence and self-assertion. "Aha! aha! I told you so; I saw it all the time!" I have seen this very spirit manifesting itself within the last week, and noticed the sneer, and heard words implying reproof of the whole Christian world, as if its prayers were vain. Nay, I have heard an unfriendly contrast made between Christianity and Mormonism—a statement that the Mormons had prayed that the President might not recover, and then the comment that the Mormons were favored

and the Christians slighted. I do not know how nor for what the Mormons prayed; I have read nothing about them in this connection; but I do know how all Christendom has prayed, how earnestly, how devoutly, how pathetically. England's illustrious Queen, and all her Christian subjects, have prayed; all Christian Europe has prayed; all America, including Roman Catholics, Protestants, Quakers, Jews, Gentiles—all have prayed. I do not know but even Turks, in the Mosques dedicated to the False Prophet, have prayed, for the spirit of America is transforming the spirit of the world, and penetrating the oldest superstitions of the earth. We have all prayed, and yet our President is dead! And now, even before the Christian minister can say "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," blatant skepticism opens wide its mouth against all that prayed, saying, "Aha, aha, our eye hath seen it."

Oh, why did not Christendom ask scoffing skepticism's permission to pray? How blind not to have seen what the scoffer's eye had seen, that God had made him the repository of his secrets, that we ought to have gone to him for revelations of the Unsearchable and the Infinite.

With pain we acknowledge it that our prayers were not answered to the extent and in the way of our wishes. But we are consoled by the holiest examples of old.

David besought God for his sick child, and fasted and wept, laying all night upon the ground overwhelmed with grief; but the child died, notwithstanding his prayers. Paul prayed three times that the thorn in the flesh might depart from him; but it departed not. Even the Master prayed thrice that the bitter cup of anguish might pass from His lips; but it passed not away until he drank it to the bitter dregs. What then? Were the prayers answered? Yes, in a certain way. David was consoled with the thought that though the child could not return to him, he could go to it. Paul was comforted by the promise that the grace of God would be sufficient for him. Jesus was strengthened by an angel who appeared in the hour of his human weakness to succor him.

So in a certain way the prayers of Christendom have been answered in the case of our stricken Chief, and in many ways, perhaps, which do not yet appear, they may still be answered. Nobody prayed that the President might never die. No one fixed in his prayers a limit for his life's duration. Yet we believe that his life was prolonged in answer to prayer, and that its prolongation worked for the good of the Nation.

The wound was mortal. The autopsy shows this. The fatal shot put the assassin's victim beyond the reach of human skill. This is verified by accredited science, and I suppose that there is not a scientific man in the world that will dispute it. The wonder is that death was not instantaneous, that the President survived for even a day or an hour. But he did survive for eighty days. Was this not in answer to prayer? Look at one dark day of his dreadful experience. It was Saturday, the 27th of August. Hope was extinguished from every breast save that of the noble wife. The surgeons, the Cabinet, the whole Nation despaired. Sunday came, and the whole Nation, all sympathetic Christendom prayed. The President grew better, hope revived, and ultimate recovery was deemed possible by the most despairing. The precious life was spared for three weeks longer. The Nation was not yet prepared for the sacrifice. The people of God were not yet ready to give him up, the Divine purpose, inscrutable and mysterious, was not ripened to its maturity. But hopeless as was the case, was it beyond the reach of Omnipotence? Is any thing too hard for God? Could not He have caused this man to recover and live and finish his executive career in spite of the broken rib, and the fractured spine, and the lacerated tissues, and the pus cavity, and the dreadful pyæmia, and the exhausting drainage? Did not our faith compass all that might be deemed impossible in the

premises, and look with a naked eye to Omnipotence? If faith cannot do this, prayer is a mockery, Christian hope is a nullity, skepticism is triumphant and all Christendom is stultified. Nay, we may lay aside our Bibles, close up our sanctuaries, and hail the Tyndals, the Huxleys and the Spencers as the great prophets of the nations. I plead for God, I plead for truth, I plead for righteousness against the blasphemy of atheists, against the impiety of skeptics, against the malicious egotism of scoffers. I aver that our faith is not in vain, that our prayers have not been powerless. True, our beloved President is dead. But whose fault is it that he lives not, that he sits not in the high seat of honor in which the popular suffrage placed him? It is not the fault of Christendom, it is not the fault of any Christian teaching. All the wrong comes from the side opposed to God and the truth; it comes from the side of the infidel and the scoffer; it comes from the ungodly, that great party which, unhappily, is still in the majority, as it ever has been—the great party that stands opposed to the righteous, that walks in the ways of darkness, that treads all the paths of evil, the broad and bard-beaten road that leads to death.

If any who now hear me are on the side of the wicked in the great battle that is now waging between right and wrong, between God and His enemies, let me say to all such, behold your compeer, your companion, your brother—a thousand-fold worse, I admit, than you—but still your companion, your compeer, your brother—the assassin. All the wrong has come from your side of the great line of demarcation, not from the Christian's side. It was the conduct of the wicked in this Nation that wrought such a state of things as demanded a National sacrifice. Garfield, dying out of the Executive Chair, would have died as an individual, honored by many as a worthy citizen, but lamented only by a limited number. But he was stricken as the chief ruler of fifty millions of people; he suffered for the Nation, and the Nation suffered in him. His death was, in a certain sense, a National sacrifice, because the Nation had sinned. There comes out of this awful crime of Guiteau a revelation not merely of his own but of the Nation's guilt. There slumbered beneath it a moral putrefaction in the condition of society which alone could make it possible. Its perpetration has but opened the fetid mass and spread the unwholesome odor over the broad land. The blood of our lamented President could not atone for the sins of any individual, for he needed the blood of a holier sacrifice for his own sins.

But a nation, as such, has no soul; yet it may grievously offend the Almighty, and call for a visitation of His wrath.

The Roman conspirators appealed to a sentiment deeply imbedded in the popular heart when they invented the plea that Cæsar's death was a sacrifice to make expiation for the sins of the Nation. All history shows that there are times when such sacrifices are inevitable. Have our National sins called for the sacrifice of our President? If so, might not the doom have been averted, or the stroke mitigated, and the precious life preserved in answer to our prayers by timely repentance, by the Nation's purging herself from her most glaring iniquities?

To avert Divine wrath nations, no less than individuals, must repent and purge themselves from their iniquities. Something more than prayer is needed, for "if I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." Has the Nation repented of her sins? Let us glance at some of her iniquities.

1. THE CIVIL SERVICE INIQUITY.

It is an odious system as we have it. It has long borne the appropriate appellation of "the spoils system." It was invented and so named by a President, and therefore the Nation is responsible for all the vices which it has bred.

It is based upon the infamous principle that the man who has rendered the party some valuable assistance, even though it may be at the expense of

honor and morality, must be rewarded with an office, regardless of merit or qualification. The honest incumbent, however well qualified, must be set aside that the base tool of cliques and rings and intriguing parties may occupy his place. Every party has some dirty work which decent adherents scorn to do—some slander to be propagated, some fraud to be managed, some falsehood to be circulated—and the fitting instrument is sought for among the base and unprincipled. There are always plenty of such in the market, and their services are in requisition whenever a canvass begins. It is such a system only that could breed and foster a Guiteau, but if it is not laid aside, stamped out or reformed, it will breed other Guiteaus in the future.

Our noble President was bent upon reforming it, but he fell a victim to its rage, and his death was a sacrifice for this National sin. The reformer became a martyr.

2. THE MORMON INIQUITY.

This is an eating cancer upon our body politic. Hear what an intelligent Judge—Judge Spear—an old resident of Utah, says about it: "Rebellion is slumbering in Utah, awaiting its opportunity. Every year the Mormon church is growing richer and more powerful; every year its followers are becoming more numerous; polygamy is on the increase right straight along; every foot of agricultural land in the adjoining Territories is being gobbled up by Mormons. In ten years the United States will have several Utahs to deal with."

Another, Judge Campbell, says: "To reflect that the greatest Republic in the world should nurse and protect one of the most abominable despotisms the sun ever shone on is enough to make a man lose all faith in the improvement of political institutions."

Now I ask this Christian audience if our Nation is not responsible for this growing pollution? She must purge herself, or untold evils will follow.

3. THE INIQUITY OF MONOPOLIES.

These have grown fat on the labor of the millions. They put employees upon starvation wages; they pamper officials with enormous salaries: they bribe legislation and corrupt the fountains of justice: they accumulate millions and use them to aggrandize themselves and make their power felt. They respect neither God nor man, but violate the Sabbath, and some of them, like the "Star Line" iniquity, defraud the Government by corrupting its servants. They feed the spirit of Communism, provoke to riot, and will, if not arrested in their course, bring about turbulence and bloodshed and conflagration, a foretaste of which we had some years ago in Pittsburgh and elsewhere. May God save our Nation from the iniquity of monopolies.

4. THE ALCOHOLIC INIQUITY.

This is last but not least. In fact it is the greatest of all the iniquities for which the Nation is responsible, and for which it should mourn more than for the loss of a single noble life. The Nation mourns to-day the death of a single man, because he was more than any other the Nation's man. But who mourns the loss of sixty thousand slain annually by the liquor-makers and dealers of the United States? We sympathize and condole with the venerable mother of our dead President, and are touched with the beautiful simplicity of her pathetic sorrow when she talks, not about the great man at the head of affairs, but of her boy, her *baby*, whom she nursed in her lonely widowhood, and trained up amid hardship and want. But who mourns for the thousands and thousands of mothers who grieve with inexpressible anguish over the ruin of noble sons who have been destroyed by the liquor traffic? We extend to the bereaved widow of the noble President our tender and heartfelt sympathy, and manifest it by liberal contributions to make her comfortable through the remainder of her life. But who thinks of the multiplied thousands of widows made homeless and desolate by avaricious and heartless liquor dealers? We have read the touching story of the orphaned son of the President making the lonely journey from a school in New England to Long Branch on that dark Tuesday, when his fond parent slept in the icy embrace of death. All along the way, unknown, he rode, passing through crowds who were talking only about the death of his father. Newsboys thrust their papers into his face, telling him that the President was dead. Buildings were being draped in black to remind him of his sore bereavement; but on he rode in solitary silence, with his burden of grief, to look for the last time upon the wasted form of an affectionate father. Oh, what a touching episode in the history of that dark and mournful day! But who is touched with the still more sorrowful spectacle of many thousands of orphan children turned loose upon society, penniless and friendless, unknown and unpitied, and all by the demon of intemperance!

Oh, is not our Nation guilty of this iniquity? It must be wiped out, for in every barrel of intoxicating liquors

there is a Guiteau, ready, when occasion serves, to assassinate father, mother, wife, brother, sister, friend, benefactor, anyone. There is in it bubbling, sparkling, fascinating, a Guiteau, ready to assassinate not the President only, but the Nation itself. The people must rise up in their might and wipe out this iniquity. I call upon you, my countrymen, to-day, in the presence of the majesty of death, to rise and assert your sovereign right to deal with this monstrous iniquity. Slay this destroyer, and you dispose of an evil that fosters all other iniquities. Destroy this, and you lessen the possibility of repeating the great National tragedy which we now lament.

If now I have correctly hinted at some of the causes which demanded this costly sacrifice, what is the lesson unfolded by the tragic event? It is this. We must amend the standard of our political ethics. We must bring it nearer the Divine standard of rectitude. We must root out abuses, wash the National skirts from the stain of polygamy, curb the grasping avarice of monopolies, and restrain the liquor dealer from destroying his countrymen with his poisoned fluids. God give the people strength to do their duty.

Give them strength to war a good warfare against iniquity in high places. May this National requiem make a lasting impression on our hearts. May it work for righteousness, for purification, for reformation. May not the blood of the martyred ruler be shed in vain.

Already a silver-lining appears to the dismal cloud that hangs over the Nation. It is a fact that the two most enlightened nations of the world, England and the United States, are governed by parties. It is a notable feature of their free constitutions and an inalienable prerogative of a free people to have it so. But in both countries it has been greatly abused by the violence of party feeling. In ours, for two or three decades, it has grown to such a pitch of violence as to bring us to the verge of dissolution and anarchy. It was this that gave the assassin the only pretext for his murderous deed. The fatal blow was struck when the great party in power was rent in twain, and it was supposed that the Vice President openly favored, if he did not lead, the faction opposed to his Chief. The moment was a critical one in another respect. By reason of political manœuvering, or otherwise, the House of Representatives had no Speaker and the Senate no President pro tempore; so that in case the President should die, and the Vice President succeed to the vacant Presidency, as has proved to be the case, we are left with but a single life between constituted order and anarchy. But the Nation has been chastened by the suffering of her Chief. All parties have vied with each other in sympathy and condolence. Patriotic fervor has proved itself superior to partisan bitterness. The Vice President succeeds and retains the Cabinet of his predecessor. The Government moves on without a change of policy. The Senate will soon be convened, we are authoritatively informed by a Washington paper, and will speedily remedy the alarming deficiency. These are hopeful signs of a better day to come, the harbinger of peace and good will between the parties. And it will be attended, the same paper leads us to believe, with a new and blessed change in the demeanor of parties. A leading representative of the party in power openly concedes to the other party the right to organize the Senate and elect its president. Such magnanimity has scarcely ever been paralleled in the history of our politics. It is a hopeful sign of political regeneration. It betokens that amid the National throes there is born a new principle. It leads us to hope that out of this sad death there will come a new National life. The various parties may hereafter treat one another with politeness and manly courtesy, spurning chicanery and renouncing all trickery, encouraging virtue and frowning down all slanderous imputations, rejecting the vicious and undeserving, and promoting only the meritorious. Should such transformation take place, our National loss will be richly compensated, our night of sorrow be followed by a bright day of reformation. Discord will be succeeded by harmony in all our public councils, and the most glorious monument that can be erected to our murdered President will be a prosperous country.

If this renovated National life is really the boon which this awful calamity brings us, it will be fairly tested in our treatment of the new Administration. Let all our people, irrespective of party, give to President Arthur their cordial support. The untoward circumstances under which he assumed the functions of his office command our sympathies, let them also enlist our generosity. Let there be no dark suspicion lurking within us. Let no man prophesy evil. Give him a fair chance. He is as truly our President now as his lamented predecessor was before him. Unknown and hitherto untried in a great position, he may prove to be the right man for the times. May no obstacle be interposed to hinder his success. May it be in every heart to pray, God bless our new President, and give him a prosperous career.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 040 841 4

CAT. NO.
AFM 710

COPY

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 040 841 4

PHOTOFILE ENVELOPES
MADE FROM
PERMALIFE® PAPER
COPYRITE HOWARD PAPER MILLS INC